

## **Heaven Sent by orphan\_account**

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**Summary:**

Raised me straight and raised me true  
Spent my days becoming you  
Sunday morning, evening too  
Sitting in your second pew  
Torn apart, my spirit's spent  
I fell in love on accident  
Wondered just what Jesus meant  
When He said all love was Heaven-sent

Papa I don't need a preacher  
I ain't some kind of creature  
From some old double feature  
I just want to make you proud  
Of the kind of love I've found  
But you say it ain't allowed  
Say that it's a sin  
But it's how I've always been  
Did you love me when he was just my friend?

Tried my hardest not to be

I locked the door and I broke the key  
Jesus died upon that tree  
Daddy, do you think that covered me  
Red and yellow, black and white  
We are precious in His sight  
Why can't I sleep through the night?  
Daddy do you think I turned out right?

Papa you're the one that taught me  
By his strap He sought me  
And with his blood He bought me  
Daddy you're the one that claimed  
That He loved me through the flame  
Now why can't you do the same  
Well I've been born again  
But first was born in sin  
Did you love me then?

Heaven Sent - Parker Millsap

## Heaven Sent

### Author's Note:

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OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME

“Dad?”

Billy shuffled his socked feet down the stairs and stopped at the bottom. He was late for church. Which sucked because his dad hated being late more than anything. Not that it was Billy’s fault. His dad was supposed to wake him up. His dad *always* woke him up for church.

He called for his dad again. His voice fell, hollow, into the corners of the house. It was empty.

Billy took a second to straighten his tie. It was the blue one, his new favorite. His dad had gotten it for his fourteenth birthday last month. As his fingers dragged along his collar he felt sweat collecting there. Crap. It was late summer in California. Which would’ve been bad enough even if he wasn’t darting around the house trying to get ready. His fingers flew up to his hair. Trying to fluff it out. Hoping his dad might be less pissed about his oversleeping if he at least looked presentable.

He stepped into the living room and slotted his fingers in between the blinds of the front window. The car was already gone. His dad was gone.

Billy turned slowly, thinking. He was probably off to church already. Just- without Billy. He ran his fingers along his tie, feeling how the textures changed smoothly with the stripes. Maybe he wanted Billy to sleep in today, or something.

Billy wandered into the kitchen, searching for an explanation. He wasn’t sure what to do next. He thought about walking there, but it would probably take him at least twenty minutes. That, and it was hot as hell outside. He could call someone, but that seemed stupid when his dad would probably be home before noon anyway.

He looked over towards the phone. A scrap of paper caught his

attention and he slid it towards himself. A phone number was written in his dad's handwriting, heavy but with a small print. Underneath it said, "FOWLER."

Fowler.

Suddenly it clicked in Billy's head and he slid his arm frantically over the counter. Fowler. He gripped the paper in between his fingers, his breath catching. Flashes of sandy blonde hair flashed through Billy's head, followed by smooth white teeth and lips reddened by the sun. Billy thought of their night on the dock. Billy pushing past his curfew because he was certain that nothing in his life would ever be as beautiful as Josh Fowler dangling his legs over the Pacific.

But there was no reason that- his *dad*. His dad was gone. Billy crumpled the scrap of paper into his palm and he looked frantically around the house. The realization hit him like a truck. His dad *knew*, somehow. Knew that he had kissed Josh that night. So that was why-

Billy's face heated up and he scrubbed his it with his hands. His dad hadn't forgotten to wake him up. The rooms of the house turned on him, suddenly growing more hollow, more sinister with the understanding that he wasn't there by mistake. He was left behind.

Billy dragged himself back up the stairs, numbly running his toes along each one. His face was a mess but there was nobody around to see it. He buried himself under his covers the rest of the day, not bothering to take off his church clothes. All except for his tie, which he loosened clumsily and dropped onto the floor.

THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE, ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

"*Dammit, Billy.* How many times have I told you to pick up your shoes?" Neil snarled as he walked in the door. It was late, almost eleven. Billy could see the slump of alcohol in Neil's shoulders before he could smell it on him.

Sometimes it was best not to respond, on nights like this. Billy glued

his eyes back to the TV and slid his knees up under his chin.

Neil kicked the shoes to the side and stepped into the kitchen. “And what’s with these fucking dishes? Who the fuck is supposed to do *those*?”

Billy held fast to the TV, trying to focus on the guitar player he was watching. Tried to follow along with his fingers, memorize the notes swimming quietly out of the speaker. Trying to ignore the storm brewing in the kitchen.

He saw Neil stop out of the corner of his eye. Billy could feel his eyes on the back of his neck.

“What do you have to fucking say for yourself, Billy?” Neil’s voice raised up from across the house. It sent prickles down Billy’s spine.

Billy clenched his fists defensively. He turned his head away from the TV and locked eyes briefly with Neil. “I don’t have anything to say to you.”

Neil cracked a sickening smile before moving closer to Billy. “Oh, my *dear* boy has nothing to say to me.” He pressed a hand on the back of the couch behind Billy’s shoulder. “Can’t even fucking say sorry for leaving his shit all over the house.”

Billy stiffened and gritted his teeth. The TV blurred in his vision and he lost track of the guitarist’s fingers. “*Fuck you.*”

Neil’s hand shot out, yanking Billy’s head back by his hair. His voice dropped into a whisper. “*What did you say to me?*”

Billy squeezed his eyes closed. His hands shook and he gripped them into the couch cushion. His words came out scratchy, choked out from a place that was bottled up and buried down. “*Just say I’m a fucking queer, you bastard.*”

Neil looped around the couch, dragging Billy to the floor in the process. His voice leveled into a threat. “Don’t you *ever* say that word again in my house.”

“That’s what this is about, isn’t it?” Billy continued, growing more

frantic. His voice escalating into a half-scream. “Why won’t you just fucking say it. It’s not about the shoes or the dishes. It’s because- It’s because-”

Neil shoved Billy’s shoulders sharply into the ground. Billy’s head slammed painfully into the floor and his hands shot up to cradle it. He squeezed his eyes tightly and his breaths came in shallow pulls. Neil leaned down closer to bunch up Billy’s shirt into his fist. He spoke again. “Billy. Pick up your fucking shoes.”

He let go and Billy curled in on himself. His hands wrapped around the swelling part of the back of his head. He heard Neil’s footsteps going towards the stairs.

“By the way, Billy, we’re moving. Tomorrow.”

With that, Neil disappeared into the upstairs. Billy laid crumpled on the floor. The moonlight streamed in through the window, and Billy thought of Josh Fowler. He pretended that maybe tonight wasn’t *this* night and maybe it was *that* night, on the dock. He pretended that maybe he could see him again. He pretended that he could run his fingers through those blonde locks, still sticky with saltwater.

He never did.

Three days later Billy woke up in Indiana.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US

Steve sat next to Billy in the dirt, the moonlight drawing shadows from his brown hair onto his face. Billy watched him silently take a pull from their bottle of whiskey. Their dangled his feet over the edge of the quarry. Billy’s head swum lightly with alcohol, and with the feeling of *deja vu*. It was all so familiar. Familiar enough to make his stomach twist and his throat choke freeze up at random intervals. But still, he couldn’t stop himself from wanting to be here with Steve. *Needing* to be here.

Steve held the bottle towards Billy and looked sideways at him, his

wide brown eyes glazed and easy. Billy took a drink before setting it down behind him. He reached out silently with his right hand. He moved slowly, like everything would crack around him if he didn't treat it delicately enough. His fingers ran briefly along Steve's forehead before burying themselves in his hair.

"Billy—" Steve said, his eyes widening slightly.

"Jesus *Christ*," Billy whispered, pulling Steve softly to the ground. "You're pretty."

Billy felt Steve tense underneath his grip. For a while, Steve had been tense around Billy. After Billy beat the living shit out of his face. That had eased, though, when they called a truce. Even more so when they actually became friends. This wasn't the same tension as before. This was different. Steve wasn't afraid of him anymore. This was-

Steve slid forward, his hand in Billy's hair now. His other arm braced against the dirt. He tilted his chin, bringing his lips to meet Billy's.

Billy leaned into Steve's kiss desperately. Hanging onto the softness of it, the smell of the dirt so close to their faces. Their feet dangled over the edge.

Billy gripped his fists around Steve's jacket and pulled him closer. Steve's sneakers dragged roughly along the edge of the rocky cliff as rocks shifted underneath him. Billy felt Steve's lips pull across his teeth into a smile.

"I thought we were friends." Steve whispered, puffs of air running over Billy's mouth.

"Not anymore, Princess."

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL,

Billy lit a cigarette, throwing the window open as he did. Steve stirred, rolled, but stayed asleep. Unfortunate, because Billy was *itching* for him.

When he finally left his dad's house, Billy felt a calm he hadn't known before. He had forgotten how to live without living on edge. It was a part of him, and no matter how comfortable he got, he still found himself burning up sometimes. Flaring up in a shower of sparks, just to make things sharp and difficult again.

Billy looked back at Steve sleeping, tracing where the edges of his skin disappeared in and out of blankets. His hair pushed back behind his head, like he had curled in on himself slightly. His feet were stacked neatly on one another.

A cool breeze from the window dropped the cigarette out of Billy's mouth, and he watched it float down to his feet, losing sparks along the way. It fell softly, like a leaf from a tree, catching the edge of a shirt on the carpet. The curtains waved over it, smoothly, and Billy watched the small flame bob in and out.

It flared up suddenly with another gust of wind. Billy dropped to his knees. Watched it dance and flicker and fight and fly, finally, up towards the curtain, catching it with a gasp of air from the window.

Smoke tickled at Billy's nose. Dark and thick, unlike cigarettes. It was good. Better, at least. Better than all the other nights when Billy smoked cigarettes. Sucking in air, frustrated because he wanted it to *burn* but he could never get quite enough.

His eyes began to water. His vision cut in and out but through it he could feel the flames- Jesus, there were actual *flames* now- sending warmth across his knees.

Billy felt his skin tighten from the heat. At church they talked about being born in the flames, and Billy wondered if he'd die there too. Wondered if all of the--

“SHIT, BILLY--”

The shadow of a comforter settled down in front of him, snuffing out the flames. Billy watched Steve's hands as they grabbed another blanket, before patting them all over, making sure the whole thing wasn't about to catch fire again.

Billy watched him. Without the smoke he could see better, but his eyes were still watery.

“Billy--” Steve whispered. “ *Billy*, what’s going on? Are you-- I mean, what is--” Steve sighed, dropping down in front of him.

Billy looked up at him. Steve’s hair was beautiful, blown out around his head. Light streamed in from the window, mixing in to create a soft, yellow glow. Smoke hung in the air around him. Billy’s vision blurred again.

Steve reached out, pulling Billy down onto himself. Steve leaned back against the wall and Billy landed on his stomach. Billy felt the warmth of Steve’s skin through the shirt and tensed himself into it. His eyes still itched at the smoke.

Billy took a deep breath. He smelled the chill of the open window. Steve’s shampoo. Underneath all that, he caught whiffs of the ashes just under the surface of the blankets.

“Billy, are you okay?” Steve spoke softly.

Billy turned his mouth against Steve’s stomach and drew his hands higher along Steve’s chest. Billy felt unsteady, knowing that so many things still haunted him. Knowing how memories of his dad hung around him like a specter.

Billy nodded slowly, closing his eyes at the same time. His throat was hot, on fire, and he could feel the smoke lingering in his lungs.

“I’m sorry, Steve. For making you worry.”

#### **Author’s Note:**

Thanks for reading! Heaven Sent is my Billy Hargrove song and I would highly recommend listening to it. It breaks my heart.